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The EXAMINER.

From Thursday *July* 10, to Thursday *July* 17. 1712.

——— *Tua eſt Lavinia Conjux;*
Ulteriusne tende odiis. Virg.

UPON the Foot that Affairs are at preſent, I would willingly alter my Style, as well as the Matter, towards the Perſons I have to deal with: Having now got over moſt of our Difficulties, and the Queen being viſibly Miſtreſs of Peace and War in *Europe*, I conſider my ſelf as reaſoning with People, who are ſunk paſt all hopes of Reſurrection, at leaſt till the Scene of preſent Affairs is entirely changed: Therefore my Expoſtulations for the future, with this unhappy *Faction*, ſhall be mingled with Pity; and I will endeavour for their own ſakes (becauſe we are likely to have no further Apprehenſion of their Power and Malice, nor any need of their Aſſiſtance) to convince them how unhappily they have been miſled: In order to this, I ſhould be glad they would be pleaſed to conſider the Behaviour of their deareſt Friends the Allies in this important Juncture, who are now reſolved, without the help of *Britain*, to carry on this chargeable War: This, it ſeems, is the Twig upon which all the remaining hopes of that Party depend: I could therefore wiſh they would clearly anſwer this Dilemma.

Either the Allies are able to carry on the War without the Queen, or they are not; if the firſt, then how groſly has this Nation been impoſed upon, who have been every Year adding to our own Load, and charging thoſe Proportions upon our ſelves which we ſuppoſed (falſly it ſeems) that the Emperor and the *Dutch* were unable to bear? Further, if they are capable of carrying on the War without us, then it is high time to make an end of it; and the very Principle upon which we begun the War, turns now againſt the Proſecution of it. We went into the War, to preſerve a Ballance of Power in *Europe*, it ſeems that Ballance is already made; and it is now plain, that the *Dutch* think themſelves in a State to indulge their Ambition, to carry on the War not for Safety, but for Dominion; and have the ſame, and no other Reaſon to give, for the Blood they ſhed, and for the Miſeries which they continue to *Europe*, but that which the King of *France* gave, when, in the Heat of Youth and Wantonneſs of Power, without any juſt Provocation he invaded their Provinces; *That they do it for their Glory.*

As to the ſecond, if they are not able to carry on the War, who can account for their Preſent Conduct, to diſunite their Counſels from the Queen's, to prevail on her *Mercenaries* to *deſert* from her, to undertake what they know beforehand they cannot ſupport? Will the Enemy be impos'd upon by their falſe appearance of Strength, as we have been, in many Inſtances, by their pretended Weakneſs? Muſt not therefore the Condition of the Allies become every Day worſe and worſe? And what Regard will *France* have, at the end of this Campaign, for the Demands of thoſe, whom ſhe will know to be utterly uncapable of making another?

There is, under Heaven, but one way of reconciling this Conduct to the Rules of common Senſe; the Confederates have been flatter'd by a *Faction* here, (whoſe unnatural Struggles againſt the pious Endeavours of the tendereſt Mother of her People that ever ſate on the Throne, will tranſmit them infamous to lateſt Poſterity) that the Ferment they had raiſed will at laſt throw us into Confuſion; that they need hold out but a little longer, and they ſhall ſee the preſent Miniſters *De-Witted*, the Queen her ſelf Subdu'd, and to ſpeak for once merrily upon a grave Subject, their old and profitable Cully, *John Bull*, reſtored to them.

And theſe are no improbable Conjectures, no groundleſs Suſpicions; for beſides the broad Hints of this kind thrown out in the *Medley* and other ſcandalous Papers, and ecchoed back in the Foreign *Gazettes*, it is well known, and perhaps *capable even of legal Proof*, that the moſt barbarous Deſigns have been meditated againſt thoſe who are the Objects of the *Faction*'s Hatred, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe, after having Deliver'd their Queen and Country from Domeſtick Tyranny, they go on to reſcue both from a Foreign Yoke, which, under the ſpecious Name of a *Confederacy*, has been impoſed upon us.

The *Medley* was very unfortunate in the Choice of his Characters, ſince very few, except the Nobles of his own Party, are ſo meanly read, as not to remember, when they hear thoſe Names, that *De-Wit* was torn to pieces by the Rage of a Faction, which he oppoſed in the Deſign of making *a General for Life*; and my Lord *Burleigh*'s Crime was of the ſame nature. The Earl of *Eſſex* had great and noble Qualities; and *Burleigh* was too faithful a Miniſter to his Queen, to have depriv'd her of ſo uſeful a Servant, had he applied thoſe good Talents which Nature had given him, and thoſe Advantages which the Favour of his Miſtreſs, and the Reputation of his own Succeſs in Military Atchievements had procured, to the Service of his Queen and Country. But he, grown intoxicated with Power, and puff'd up with the Applauſe of the People, vainly imagined he

ſhould

ſhould encreaſe his own Reputation by the Continuance of a War for the *Conquering of Spain*, (which his wiſe and prudent Miſtreſs thought no longer neceſſary,) and ſecure his Independency, by conſtraining her to make him *General for Life*. This *Burleigh* oppos'd; and for his Oppoſition was, no doubt, defam'd by all the Earl of *Eſſex*'s Creatures in the Army, as a Man who, corrupted by *Spaniſh* Gold, hinder'd them from Marching to *Madrid*; by all the Uſurers and Extortioners of that Age; by all thoſe whoſe Crimes could only be ſhelter'd, during the Diſorders of a War, as an Enemy to the *Proteſtant Succeſſion*, and a Partizan of the *Pretender Mary* Queen of *Scots*; and by all the falſe narrow Politicians of thoſe times, as one whoſe mean Frugality ſpoil'd that Figure which *England*, by a Profuſion of Treaſure, might have made in the World.

But upon ſome terrible Provocation, (ſuch perhaps as his Miſtreſs preſuming to *Diſpoſe of a Regiment* without his Conſent) the Hero retires from Court, and fondly imagines he ſhall draw the Allegiance of the People from their Prince; the Coffee-houſes, (to talk in the Phraſe of the preſent Times) were to reſound with Clamour, the Stocks were to fall, and he continues in the Country, expecting that every one that knock'd at the Door was an Ambaſſador from his Miſtreſs, bringing *Burleigh*'s Head in his Hand, humbly deſiring his Return to Court. But no Embaſſy came; *Burleigh* went on; the Earl of *Eſſex* periſh'd in his Attempts; the Allies grew to reſpect the Queen, Trade flouriſh'd, and *Burleigh* has the Honour to ſtand in the ſame Record with his Miſtreſs, as the greateſt Miniſter to the greateſt Queen that had ever ſate upon the *Engliſh* Throne.

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